

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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## Lam Cards.

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Office and residence opposite the  
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All calls promptly answered.  
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist,  
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Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

**DR. M. STOUT,**  
DENTIST,  
Has located and is ready for  
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**HENRY A. SLAVEN,**  
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Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.  
Work in Pocahontas County solic-  
ited.

## ON TO GRAFTON

An Account of one of the First Oc-  
currences of the Civil War

They mustered in their simple  
dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern re-  
dress;  
To right those wrongs come weal  
or woe,  
To perish, or o'ercome the foe—  
Scott.

May 24th, 1861—This morning  
I heard more favorable reports  
and was satisfied of their truth.  
By these new reports I was as-  
sured that there would be no fighting  
for the present and Grafton would  
be occupied peacefully. With  
more pleasant feelings therefore  
I resumed my journey.

The morning was bright and  
lovely and sweet prospects and  
singing birds, scene after scene of  
a most attractive character un-  
folded as I moved along. As land-  
scape after landscape opened up  
to view, it was hard to realize the  
mournful probabilities that ere  
long the dreadful storm of war  
might rage and desolate these  
hitherto quiet and peaceful sur-  
roundings.

About noon I entered the town  
of Philippi, where I was most  
kindly received and entertained  
at the home of Mr L. Morrall,  
Clerk of the county of Barbour.  
Three military companies were  
here during the afternoon on the  
march to Grafton, the rendezvous  
of the Pocahontas Rescuers from  
Pocahontas, lead by Captain D.  
A. Stoffer accompanied by  
Gen. Wm. Skeene and wife; the  
Barbour Greys, commanded by  
Capt Reger, and the Mountain  
Guards, commanded by Captain  
Sturms, an aged grey veteran, en-  
tering upon his third war.

About 3 p. m. preparations were  
made for a flag presentation to  
the two Barbour companies. They  
were drawn up in the street front-  
ing the Morrall residence. Two  
groups of ladies occupied the side  
walk, supporting the flags. The  
flag presented to the Barbour  
was supported by Miss Virginia  
Rives, who was tastefully attired  
in blue silk, and in form and fea-  
ture was a personality, that pre-  
sented an ideal representation of  
the Genius of Liberty. Grouped  
about her was a number of young  
ladies, equally attractive in the  
part they performed. Their hand-  
kerchiefs of snowy whiteness, al-  
ternately waved in honor of the  
troops and brushed away irrepres-  
sible tears.

The folds of the flags graceful-  
ly undulated by breathing airs  
from the south-land while being  
unfurled and devoted to their pa-  
triotic uses.

The young ladies' flag made of  
silk and satin at a cost of sixty  
dollars, was received by Captain  
Reger in a speech of beauty and  
and pathos.

Captain Reger appealed to his  
comrades whether they would sol-  
emnly vow to stand by him in the  
hour of battle, and bear that ban-  
ner unsullied to victory or bite  
the dust in honorable death?

To this appeal a most cheering  
response was given.

The flag intended for the  
Mountain Guard, while not so  
costly, was really a beautiful one  
prepared and presented by the  
married ladies. Rev. Mr Rives a  
resident of Philippi, and a local  
Methodist minister, was selected  
by the ladies to represent them in  
a speech.

He was attired in a Prince Al-  
bert coat, buttoned to the chin,  
and wore a high crowned white  
silk hat. Though his locks were  
white yet patriotic fire intensely  
burned beneath the snowy exte-  
rior. His address abounded in  
phrases so characteristic of the  
spirit of those times, about resist-  
ing oppression, lawless and tyr-  
annical assumption of unconstitu-  
tional power, and of keeping back  
the fanatical and lustful hordes of  
the North.

The venerable speaker closed  
his remarks by an allusion to the  
aged officer, Captain Sturms, as  
one who had already gone to two  
wars in defence of his country, in  
other years, but was now ready  
to consecrate his gray hairs and  
feeble strength to the service of  
his bleeding country.

The old captain upon receiving  
the flag, supported during the ad-  
dress by Mrs Morrall and Mrs  
Bradford announced to the assem-  
bled hundreds around him, that  
he could not make a speech him-  
self but he had a lieutenant, an

almost beardless boy who could  
make a speech. Thereupon the  
young officer John Randolph Phil-  
lips, was called out, who did make  
a very nice and appropriate ad-  
dress for a rude uncultured moun-  
taineer boy, as he claimed him-  
self to be. He pledged himself  
and fellow soldiers to see to it that  
the flag should not be dishonored  
nor would it be furlled until the last  
mercenary invader had fallen in  
death or had withdrawn unhallow-  
ed feet from the sacred soil of  
Virginia, the land of our homes  
and our all that may be dear to  
our hearts. He alluded to the  
rugged personality of the Mount-  
ain Guard, but, says he, "though  
their bosoms may be rough, their  
manners rude, yet their hearts are  
true and brave." What he said  
about his comrades was very ap-  
parent, for some looked as if they  
had come in their cast off gar-  
ments, expecting to be uniformed  
at the place of rendezvous, and

"Had mustered in their simple  
dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern re-  
dress."

At night I was requested by  
Capt Stoffer of the Pocahontas  
Rescuers to preach for his compa-  
ny, which I did, having for my  
text: "These things have I spok-  
en unto you that in me ye might  
have peace. In the world ye shall  
have tribulation; but be of good  
cheer: I have over come the  
world."—John 16, 33. The heads  
of the discourse were designated  
by three of the things that Jesus  
had spoken to give his disciples  
peace of mind:

"Let not your heart be trou-  
bled, ye believe in God, believe  
also in me.

"Howbeit when he the spirit of  
truth shall come, he will guide  
you into all truth."

"Verily, verily I say unto you,  
whatsoever ye shall ask in my  
name I will do it."

The reflections presented were  
these, that the cause of the great-  
est real trouble that has ever dis-  
turbed the human mind where  
shall we be after this life and  
where shall we spend eternity has  
been removed since the blessed  
Redeemer has made known to us  
the way of salvation and has  
provided a home in heaven where  
the weary are at rest and the wick-  
ed cease from troubling. In the  
second place the word of the Holy  
Spirit in convincing us of sin,  
renewing the will, enlightening  
the mind in the knowledge of  
Christ, and in enabling and per-  
suading the soul to receive and  
embrace Jesus Christ as he is free-  
ly offered us in the Gospel, are the  
progress steps in the work of the  
Holy Spirit in guiding the believ-  
er in all truth.

Finally another of the things  
spoken for the peace of those who  
hear and believe, is that God  
knows better than we whatever  
will be best for us; for whatsoev-  
er we ask in Christ's name He  
will do for us.

After services the company for-  
med and marched to the sound of  
martial music back to their quar-  
ters in this once remote and  
peaceful court house town amid  
the hills of Barbour County. The  
effect was peculiar. The congrega-  
tion withdrew to their homes,  
some of the older men in tearful  
silence and many of the ladies  
were sobbing with breaking  
hearts.

Philippi, Va., Saturday, May 25  
1861—Everything in Philippi  
bore a very animated aspect this  
morning. I call this town Philip-  
pi for Mr Morrall says that is its  
proper name, as being named in  
honor of Philippi Carlyle, eldest  
daughter of the eminent lawyer  
John Carlyle who began his ca-  
reer in this place and was grate-  
ful for the patronage and honor  
conferred on him by the people.

The two companies that re-  
ceived flags yesterday were pre-  
paring to go into camp at Graf-  
ton. In the meantime Capt Stoffer  
paraded the Pocahontas Res-  
cuers in the Court House lawn,  
and then marched them into the  
building and formed a hollow  
square within the bar.

The Captain was in a very con-  
genial mood and appeared at his  
best. Many a cup of good cheer  
had evidently been tendered him  
by patriotic hands. After all had  
been arranged to suit him, he  
made a happy address to the  
citizens of Philippi, thanking  
them for the flattering attentions  
paid him and company.

"After recounting the wonderful

exploits his devoted band were  
ready and willing to do and dare  
he fervently invoked an interest  
in the prayers and sympathies of  
the pure and spotless virgins,  
whose unsullied names must be  
protected, even if the crystal wa-  
ters of the valley be made gory  
and crimson with their hearts'  
blood.

Upon a signal given, all arose  
to their feet in the presence of  
the ladies, and in response to  
their captain's sentiments solemn-  
ly pledged their lives in the de-  
fense of the fair ones present.

Gen. William Skeene then arose  
and with a beautiful figure drawn  
from a description of a statue in  
the studio of Powers, the artist,  
he spoke of his devotion to the  
American union at one time and  
of the sacred associations that  
clustered around the stars and  
stripes.

The statue has upon its brow,  
a coronet of stars, which is seren-  
ly turned toward heaven whither  
her uplifted hand is pointing while  
she leans upon a bundle of rods,  
firmly bound together, all emble-  
matical of the sentiment that all  
our strength is from above. But  
the beautiful statue and the glo-  
rious flag of our Union have no  
more hallowing and tender asso-  
ciations, because now they are  
emblematical of tyrannical usurp-  
ation of power and military des-  
potism.

Gen. Skeene was followed by  
Hon Samuel Woods, a distin-  
guished resident of Philippi. He  
gave utterance to the feelings of  
his heart by a speech of some  
length. In his address he reiter-  
ated the oft repeated sentiments  
respecting Northern aggression.  
He denounced the treacherous  
duplicity of the North, their base-  
ness in inaugurating an invasion  
of rapine and lust, under the  
guise of upholding the constitu-  
tion and enforcing the law. He  
pleasantly alluded to the superi-  
or pleasure the presence of the  
troops gave him and of the place  
they would have in the hearts of  
the Philippi people. All would  
anxiously peruse the details of  
battles to see who had fallen and  
to weep a tear of grateful grati-  
tude to their memory. Green  
would be the grass ever waving  
over their graves, but greener  
still would be their memories in  
the hearts of these pure unsullied  
virgins of their own West Vir-  
ginia mountains. At this the warm  
Secessionists bowed their heads  
and the ladies drew out their cam-  
bric preparatory to a copious ef-  
fusion of tears.

Not long after this the exer-  
cises were closed by prayer, led  
by the Rev Mr Hindman, a min-  
ister of the M. E. Church. In a  
few minutes more all were on the  
march for their destination.

In the meantime I had repair-  
ed to my lodging at Mr Morrall's  
and remained until noon. Mrs  
Morrall's mother, Mrs Harper,  
more than 80 years of age, had at-  
tended the exercises and her feel-  
ings were much wrought up. I  
seem to hear as I write her plaintive  
oft repeated refrain, using the  
words of David: "These sheep,  
what have they done; somebody  
has sinned, but these sheep what  
have they done?"

Very soon past noon I gather-  
ed up my luggage and followed  
on, and I came to Grafton late  
the same afternoon. On the Fet-  
terman bridge I saw the bloody  
stains where a Union man had  
been shot a few nights before,  
among the first drops portentous  
of the bloody cloud outburst so  
near at hand.

At Grafton I found the men my  
friends from Highland County in  
very good spirits considering what  
was then the long and arduous  
march they had so hurriedly  
made. Being much fatigued my-  
self I was glad to retire at an ear-  
ly hour. Col George W. Hull,  
of McDowell, gathered up a bundle  
of straw and had me go with him  
to a commodious room of those  
occupied as quarters by Col Hulls  
company. The straw was spread  
in the south east corner of a front  
room on the second floor, and we  
made our beds upon it. By put-  
ting our blankets and shawls to-  
gether a very comfortable sleep-  
ing place was improvised. We  
had not been there but a little  
while until some soldiers relieved  
from guard duty came up the  
stairs and began to order us out  
of that room because of a previ-  
ous claim or arrangement by one  
of their mess. One of them gave  
me a slight kick and exclaimed

with nameless expletives "what  
are you doing on my straw?" I  
remained perfectly still and said  
nothing while the Colonel did the  
talking for us both.

We were permitted to remain,  
and they withdrew, seeking quar-  
ters elsewhere though there was  
more than enough room for us  
all. About midnight an orderly  
Samuel Gilmore came through  
the barracks with a candle in his  
hand, touching the soldiers with  
his foot and arousing them in a  
whispered tone to get up, put on  
their shoes and wait for further  
orders. This alarm was occasioned  
by the firing of a gun accident-  
ally near one of the outposts. This  
was ascertained in about a half an  
hour, and all became quiet.

I should have mentioned that  
about sunset there was a Union  
demonstration made in front of  
the barracks by a bevy of twelve  
or fifteen half grown girls. They  
timidly promenade the street,  
waving tiny Union flags and look-  
ed as if they expected to be fired  
upon at any moment. Much to  
their evident surprise they were  
let severely alone, and they glided  
away without any notice given  
them whatever, and so failed their  
coveted martyrdom.

## FISH HATCHERY LOCATED

**Greenbrier County Gets the Prize—  
Col Dan O'Connell's Farm, near  
White Sulphur, the Place.**

Hon George M. Bowers on 8th  
of January decided upon a site  
for the fish hatchery which Con-  
gress authorized to be establish-  
ed in West Virginia, and for  
which Congress authorized the  
sum of \$25,000. The location is  
upon the farm of D. O'Connell,  
near White Sulphur Springs in  
Greenbrier County. As soon as  
the title of the land and required  
for the hatchery is officially ap-  
proved about fifty acres will be  
purchased and operations begun.  
Mr Bowers wishes to make it one  
of the best, if not the best, of its  
kind in the United States.

Before the decision was finally  
made Mr Bowers submitted to  
Senators Scott and Elkins, both  
of whom had taken an interest in  
securing a favorable location, and  
to all others who had been iden-  
tified with the project, a detailed  
statement of desirable features of  
all sites proposed, and it is agreed  
that the O'Connell farm presents  
by all odds the best facilities for  
fish culture that the State affords.  
The force required at the hatch-  
ery will consist of a superintendent,  
a fish culturist and three lab-  
orers, and a requisition has al-  
ready been made for the appoint-  
ment of the first two. Plans are  
being drawn for the construction  
of the hatchery and for a super-  
intendents dwelling and other  
structures necessary. Mr Bowers  
went over every section of the  
State and personally inspected the  
sites proposed about fifty in num-  
ber, and he says the advantages  
found in the Greenbrier location  
are superior for combining trout  
and bass culture to those found  
anywhere in the Union. Indeed,  
he says, such advantages are to  
be found but seldom.

Speaking of the matter, Com-  
missioner Bowers said  
"The principal reasons for rec-  
ommending the site near Green-  
brier White Sulphur Springs, for  
the location of a fish culture sta-  
tion, are the following:

"The site offers best advantages  
for the propagation of trout as  
well as bass. A large pure spring  
supplying 1,800 gallons per min-  
ute at a temperature of 53 degrees  
Fahrenheit and several smaller  
ones of about the same tempera-  
ture are located on the property  
with sufficient fall to supply a  
hatchery and ponds. Several lit-  
tle creeks, of a temperature regu-  
lated by the season run through  
the property and are well adapted  
to bass culture. At the time  
of my visit in August the tempera-  
ture of the creeks varied be-  
tween 65 and 70 degrees Fahren-  
heit, where the air was 81 degrees  
A mixture of the spring and creek  
waters can be so regulated as to  
bring its temperature at any time  
to the desired degree for hatch-  
ing purposes.

"The available area for pond  
construction is about twenty-two  
acres, with the higher land on  
either side for the necessary  
buildings. This land is not liable  
to overflow by freshets, nor does  
it receive any surface drainage  
from adjoining lands.

"The site is situated within two  
thirds of a mile of the Chesapeake  
& Ohio railroad, which latter road  
connects with the various railroads  
of the State, thus making the dis-  
tribution of the fish to the head-  
waters of all the principal streams  
of West Virginia quite practica-  
ble.

"The conditions, all in all, of  
this site, I would consider to be  
as favorable or more so for a  
combination hatchery, than any  
other site examined by me. The  
price for the land is considered  
very reasonable."—Wheeling In-  
telligencer.

## PICCIOLA.

Review of a Famous French Novel  
Published Many Years Ago.

Theresa Girhardi, Comtesse  
de Charney, visited a stony em-  
battled prison house of Paris be-  
fore the days when a frenzied re-  
volutionary French populace tore  
it literally down. This lady, past  
the dew of her youth, but noble  
and beautiful, pale in the dark  
habillments of widowhood, and  
wearing at her neck a rich medal-  
lion enclosing one withered flower  
of the old prison, and paused in the  
flag stoned court yard near an open  
space of earth where evidently  
something of the vegetable sort  
had once grown. Sadly Theresa  
shed quiet tears amid these gloom-  
y scenes, and emerging through  
the massive entrance was turned  
a sad glance backward as if retrac-  
ing former periods of her life.  
What is the meaning of all this?  
I will tell.

Compte de Charney in his early  
manhood had offended the reign-  
ing Napoleon by political com-  
plications and as a consequence he  
found himself a close prisoner  
within stone walls. Of a proud  
imperious spirit he was not soft-  
ened or sweetened by adversity,  
but inwardly rebelled against God  
and man. Upon his prison wall  
he scratched the withering senti-  
ment, "There is no God!" and  
chafed as an enraged bird flutter-  
ing and bruising itself against the  
strong wires to no purpose. The  
jailer in attendance was one Lu-  
dovic, a man of rough exterior,  
and de Charney passed no word  
with him—pride and custom for-  
m such a chasm between them.  
Ludovic was the better man and  
his heart was tender, softened by  
the rigor of his station and the  
goodness of God surrounding all:  
the same sun melts one substance  
and hardens another in contact.  
If Ludovic had thought it worth  
while to be scratching upon walls  
he would not have written Char-  
ney's motto. Time went on and  
the Compte, allowed to take ex-  
ercise in the walled court yard,  
his face gloomily downward, per-  
ceived a tiny green shoot, it might  
be grass, struggling between the  
broad stones: his curiosity was  
aroused, and day by day he watch-  
ed the living thing where all else  
seemed so dead, and he watered it  
from his own scanty allowance of  
God's free liquid. A ray of light  
struck across the prisoner's mind  
and his naturally fine countenance  
began to lighten perceptibly.  
When interest awakens and hope  
springs up then fear as a shadow  
ever finds its unwelcome way.  
Ludovic incessantly crossed the  
court, and Ludovic's feet were so  
clumsy and heavy; and of Ludovic  
the Compte must ask permis-  
sion to keep the flower, for flower  
it was, and help in its suste-  
nance with more water than he  
de Charney scup supplied. But how  
to speak to the low jailer, how  
to descend to beg a favor in that  
quarter? Charney waited long,  
and the feeble flower began to  
droop: he talked with Ludovic  
and prevaricated—said the vegeta-  
tion making such painful way  
between the flag stoneway was  
medicinal and useful in a certain  
malady he was subject to, would  
he spare it? The man who loved  
his fellows and in his heart pitied  
the prisoner he served had the  
blessed grace of humor and play-  
ed in speech: "How could he  
spare the gilly flower?" Charney  
protested "no gilly flower!" "Yes;  
all gilly flowers to me," smiled  
Ludovic—"then it might become  
a tree and Monsieur Compte  
climb and scale the wall by it." A  
smile crossed Charney's face and  
the two diverse men were friends  
at heart and understood each other:  
a tiny flower had broken the  
middle wall of partition. That  
day the Compte took charcoal  
and scratched one word beneath  
his infidel motto and it was the  
word "peut-etre" "perhaps." By  
degrees was Heaven's light enter-  
ing a darkened mind and a sweet  
flower the medium. Great was  
Charney's delight when a colored  
bud appeared and then a lovely  
flower; profound were his botan-  
ical thoughts and studies and now  
great God who controls the uni-  
verse and cares for an humble  
blossom. "Truly there is a God!"  
was scribbled on the prisoner's  
wall. The flower was christened,  
Picciola.

## He Expected it, but Not so Soon.

Public assemblies in New York  
and Washington are discovering  
that Mr Milton E. Ailes, the As-  
sistant Secretary of the Treas-  
ury, has graceful abilities as an af-  
ter-dinner speaker.

Recently at a Knights Templar  
gathering, he was called upon at  
the conclusion of the banquet. He  
had been notified that he would  
be asked to make a few remarks,  
but, not wishing to deliver a set  
speech, had asked to be placed to-  
ward the bottom of the list, and  
had understood that was to be the  
arrangement. He had therefore  
relied upon the speakers that were  
before him to furnish him with  
material for impromptu comment.

Though somewhat disconcerted  
by the unexpected summons of  
the chairman, Mr Ailes rose to  
the occasion.  
"There is some mistake," said  
he, "in my being called upon at  
this stage of the proceeding, and  
the incident reminds me of an ep-  
itaph which enjoys local fame in  
my native village in Ohio. At  
the death of an eccentric citizen  
it was learned that he had himself  
written out and entrusted to a  
marble cutter the legend that was  
to be graven upon his tombstone.  
"When the lettering was com-  
pleted the villagers all went out  
to view the epitaph, and this is  
how it read:

"I Expected this, but not so  
Soon."

Col. Robert Catlett, of Lexing-  
ton, will be assistant to Hon Wm  
A. Anderson, Virginia's new at-  
torney general.

William S. Miller, aged 81, the  
pioneer fruit grower of the Shen-  
andoah Valley, died Wednesday  
at his home in Berkeley county.

him a dainty morsel or affection-  
ately, smothering his soft grey locks.  
Often the eyes of the young peo-  
ple met, and in time they under-  
stood each other if not them-  
selves, for love is something out-  
side of us and passively we give  
and take a mutual gift more rare  
and precious than Golconda's  
mines.

As time sped the opening be-  
tween the flagstones became too  
straightened for the Picceola plant  
To remove the obstruction re-  
quired permit from royal head quar-  
ters, and for this a set petition  
was in order. Who but Theresa  
would undertake the task of me-  
diator, who but she would seek  
the presence of the Emperor?  
Theresa interceded for Charney's  
little flower. And she did this  
thing, Theresa, the modest shrink-  
ing girl, unused to making journ-  
eys, started forth on foot armed  
only with the petition and a flower  
tossed up to her by Charney  
from the court yard. The Empe-  
ror and Josephine were to review  
a mock battle at Marengo, and  
hither Theresa turned her steps.  
Sometimes a chance ride helped  
her on and once she put her back  
chaffering over the cost with a  
Dutch couple at an inn they re-  
luctantly consented. Seated be-  
tween them Theresa gave herself  
to sleep from mere exhaustion.  
Awakening she was surprised and  
vexed to find the whole party,  
mules and all, immovable, asleep,  
and scarce beyond the starting  
point: had the mules quickened  
their pace the old man would have  
been disturbed, the slower they  
went the better, for he assured  
Theresa for his load was China  
and might break. Poor Theres-  
a alighted and relied again upon  
her own feet. In the end she was  
successful and Charney's petition  
was granted. Years rolled on—  
Girhardi, the fly catcher or natu-  
ralist, died in his prison, he who  
had been incarcerated through  
mistake and false zeal, for when  
the people rejoiced over success  
of arms he was found weeping in  
his darkened room over the life-  
less form of his only son of whom  
he had freely given to his country.  
Considered out of harmony with  
the prevailing triumph, when he  
was only a broken hearted parent,  
Girhardi fell a victim to distrust  
and was hurried off to prison.  
But, unlike Charney, he cherished  
no malice, for he forgave as he  
hoped to be forgiven at the bar of  
God, and thus he taught the im-  
perious younger man who view-  
ed the almost sainted Girhardi  
with respect almost akin to awe.  
Yet, Girhardi died in prison. The  
Compte de Charney finally receiv-  
ed political pardon and emerged  
from the dim cold dungeon into  
the light and warmth of God's  
green earth. Of course Charney  
and Theresa's lives eventually  
formed one channel and smooth-  
ly, lightly flowed along. The Pic-  
ciola plant was removed from the  
court yard and lovingly cared for  
in their home. Time brought to  
the united couple a daughter fair,  
and to whom the name of Picceola  
was given. And Ludovic was  
sought out around the old prison  
wall to stand as godfather to the  
little one. Kind old Ludovic who  
loved his prisoners, their flowers  
and little children. But in the  
general joy it is sad to relate that  
Picciola flower at the chateau was  
forgotten until it died! Picciola  
that had done so much for them!  
Years after, the Countess de Char-  
ney, a widow, always wore a me-  
dallion enclosing one withered  
flower.

Theresa Girhardi, Comtesse  
de Charney, visited a stony em-  
battled prison house of Paris be-  
fore the days when a frenzied re-  
volutionary French populace tore  
it literally down. This lady, past  
the dew of her youth, but noble  
and beautiful, pale in the dark  
habillments of widowhood, and  
wearing at her neck a rich medal-  
lion enclosing one withered flower  
of the old prison, and paused in the  
flag stoned court yard near an open  
space of earth where evidently  
something of the vegetable sort  
had once grown. Sadly Theresa  
shed quiet tears amid these gloom-  
y scenes, and emerging through  
the massive entrance was turned  
a sad glance backward as if retrac-  
ing former periods of her life.  
What is the meaning of all this?  
I will tell.

Compte de Charney in his early  
manhood had offended the reign-  
ing Napoleon by political com-  
plications and as a consequence he  
found himself a close prisoner  
within stone walls. Of a proud  
imperious spirit he was not soft-  
ened or sweetened by adversity,  
but inwardly rebelled against God  
and man. Upon his prison wall  
he scratched the withering senti-  
ment, "There is no God!" and  
chafed as an enraged bird flutter-  
ing and bruising itself against the  
strong wires to no purpose. The  
jailer in attendance was one Lu-  
dovic, a man of rough exterior,  
and de Charney passed no word  
with him—pride and custom for-  
m such a chasm between them.  
Ludovic was the better man and  
his heart was tender, softened by  
the rigor of his station and the  
goodness of God surrounding all:  
the same sun melts one substance  
and hardens another in contact.  
If Ludovic had thought it worth  
while to be scratching upon walls  
he would not have written Char-  
ney's motto. Time went on and  
the Compte, allowed to take ex-  
ercise in the walled court yard,  
his face gloomily downward, per-  
ceived a tiny green shoot, it might  
be grass, struggling between the  
broad stones: his curiosity was  
aroused, and day by day he watch-  
ed the living thing where all else  
seemed so dead, and he watered it  
from his own scanty allowance of  
God's free liquid. A ray of light  
struck across the prisoner's mind  
and his naturally fine countenance  
began to lighten perceptibly.  
When interest awakens and hope  
springs up then fear as a shadow  
ever finds its unwelcome way.  
Ludovic incessantly crossed the  
court, and Ludovic's feet were so  
clumsy and heavy; and of Ludovic  
the Compte must ask